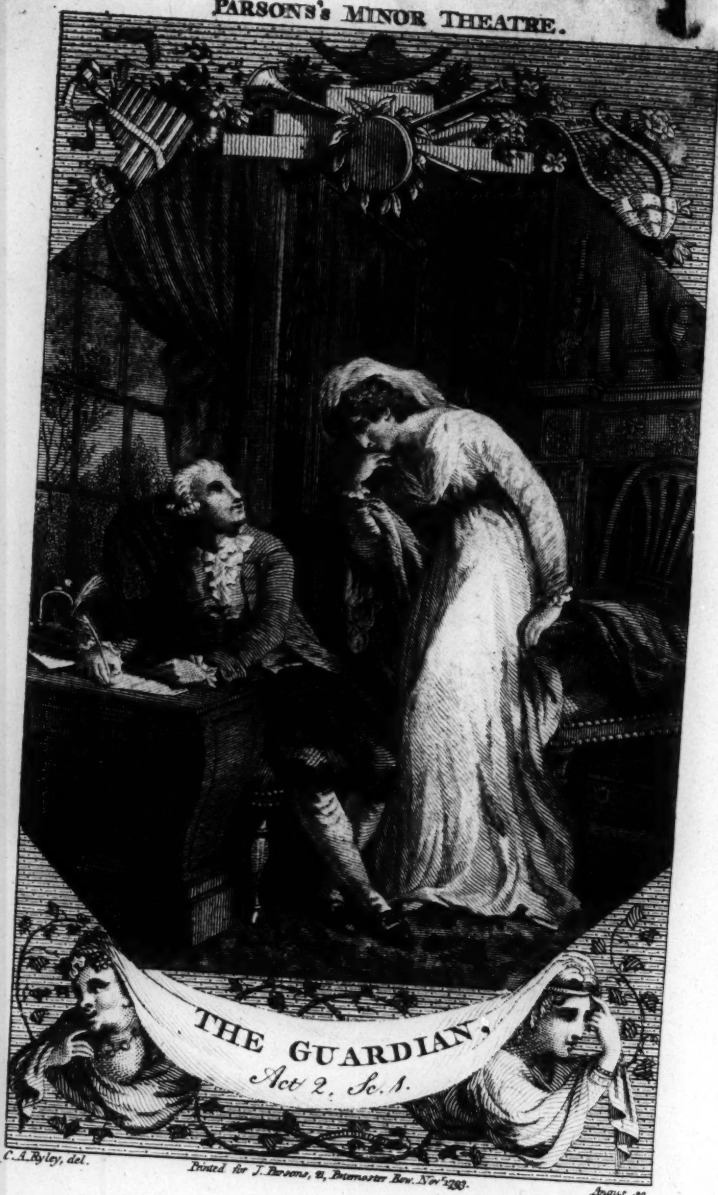


PARSONS'S MINOR THEATRE.

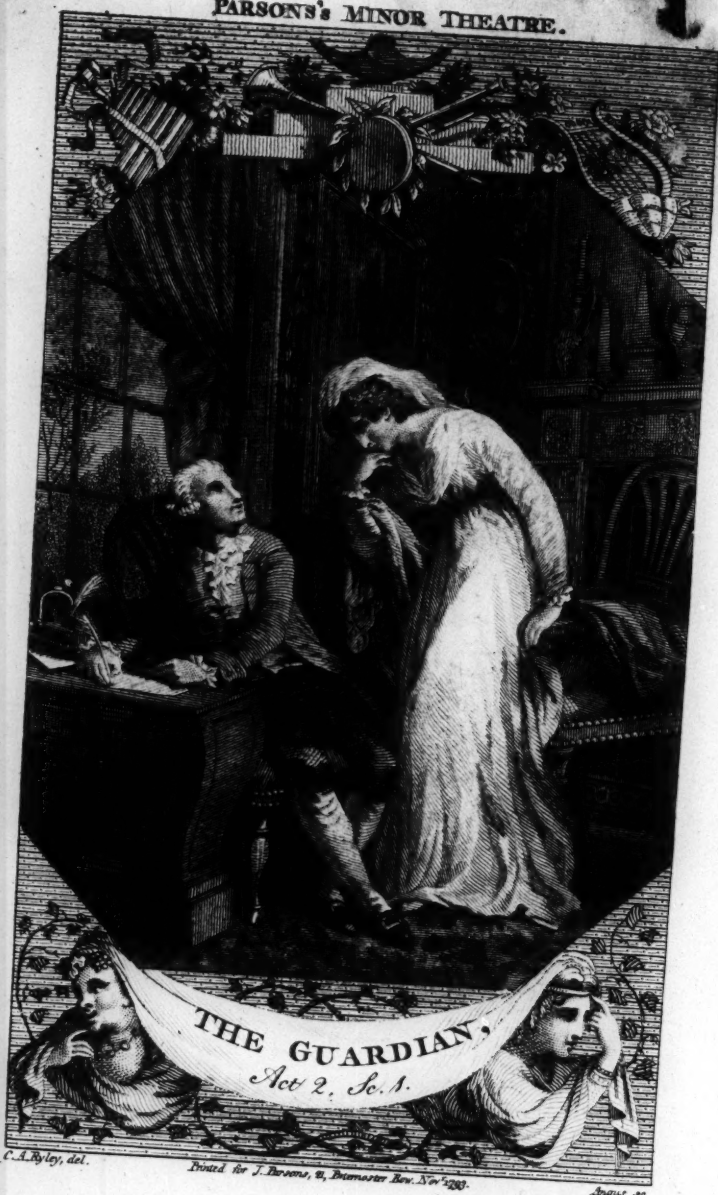


C. A. Ryley, del.

Printed for J. Parsons, 25, Beames Street, Nov. 22, 1800.

Angus sc.

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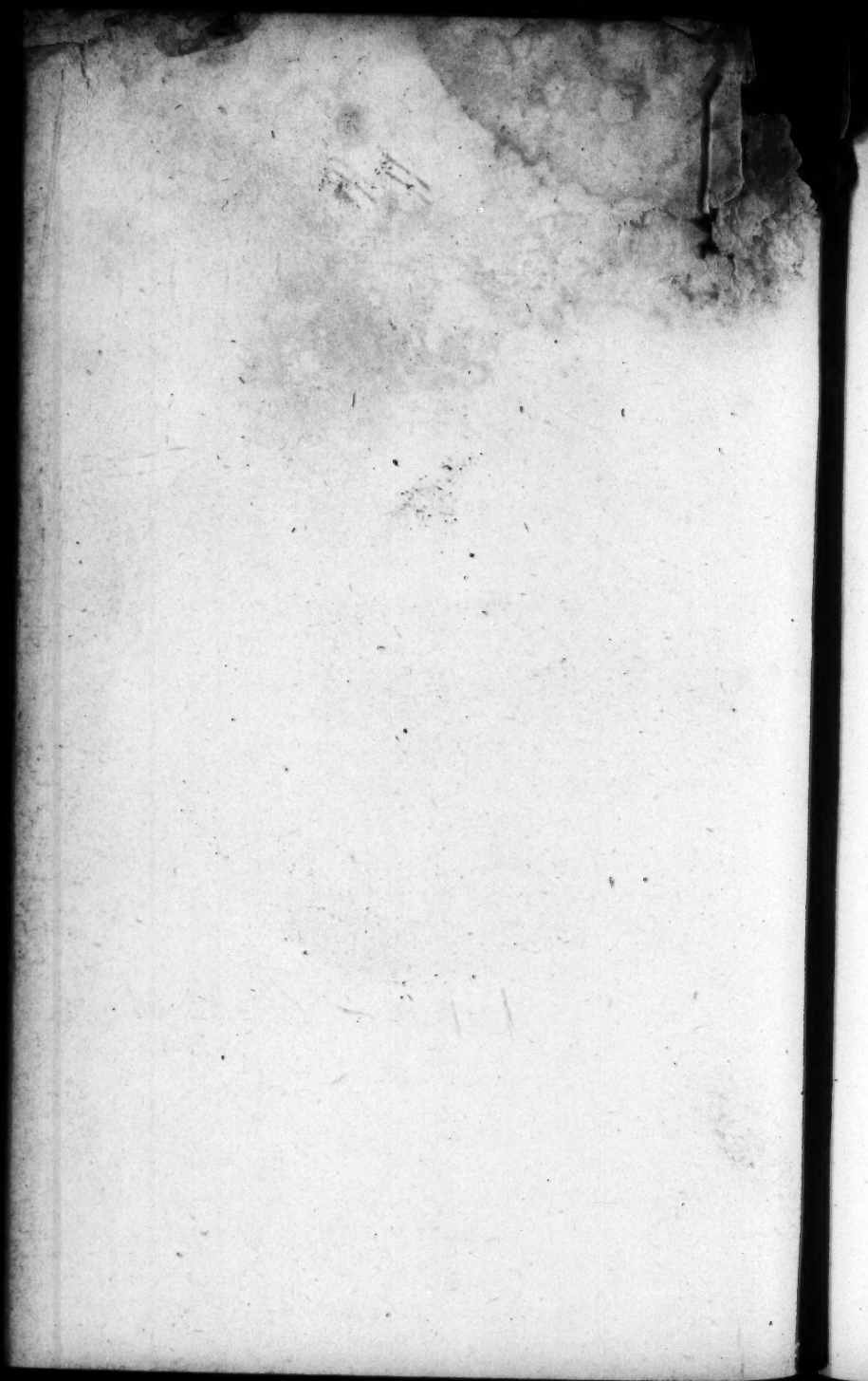
PARSONS'S MINOR THEATRE.



W. Ridley, sculp.

MR. FARREN.

Printed for J. Parsons, 21, Paternoster Row, Nov. 1783.



THE GUARDIAN.

(24)

A FARCE

IN TWO ACTS.

WRITTEN BY DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

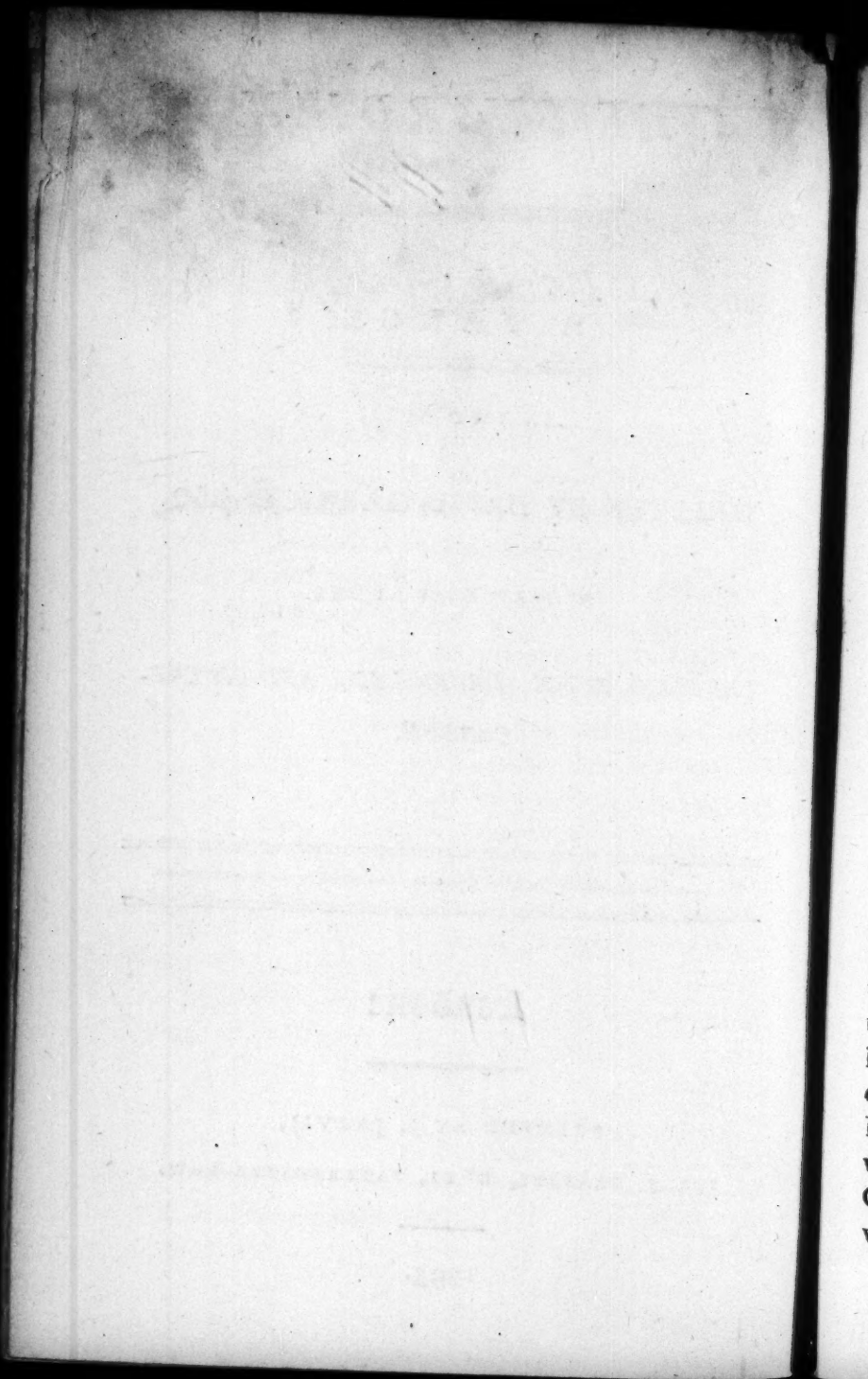
*THEATRES ROYAL, DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-
GARDEN.*

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

London:

PRINTED BY J. JARVIS,
FOR J. PARSONS, N^o 21, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1793.



THE
Life of David Garrick, Esq.

AMONG the admirers of the Drama, the name of GARRICK will never be forgotten. This gentleman was the son of Peter Garrick, a Captain in the army, whose general residence was at Litchfield, but Hereford has the honour of being the birth-place of our hero; where his father was on a recruiting party, and the church register of All Souls in that city shew, that he was baptized February 20, 1716. The maiden name of his mother was Clough, daughter to one of the vicars of Litchfield cathedral. At the grammar-school of that city, of which Mr. Hunter was at that time the master, our young gentleman pursued his studies, in which he made no great progress; the turn of his mind inclining more towards the pages of dramatic writers, than to the tasks of his teacher; his infant heart was wrapped up in the witchery of dramatic lore; and as a proof how deeply it had engaged his attention, at the age only of eleven years he played the part of Serjeant Kite, in the Recruiting Officer, in a manner that would have done honour to a veteran of the scene. On quitting the school, he repaired to Lisbon, on a visit to his uncle, where he remained but a short

time. On his return, we find him again under Dr. Hunter's roof, making further progress in his education. In 1735, the celebrated Dr. Samuel Johnson admitted him among the stated number of his pupils, and how far he improved under so excellent a guide, the brilliancy of his public and private life, so well known and so highly prized by the town and his friends, will best determine.

With the Doctor he remained, till that restless and unquiet spirit becoming tired of a situation, he considered as dull and inactive, agreed with his pupil to quit Litchfield for the metropolis, there to court Fortune in the fond hope of sharing her favours. On the 2d of March 1736, they set out together; and Mr. Garrick being intended for the law, on the 9th he was entered of Lincoln's Inn. Our hero had attained his twentieth year when he lost his uncle; at which period, being recommended by Mr. Walmsley to Mr. Coulson, master of the school at Rochester, he fixed himself there to perfect his education. Mr. Coulson was a gentleman well grounded in the principles of rational philosophy; he met in that of his scholar, a mind congenial to his own, and which daily improved in the valuable acquirements of thinking and reasoning.

On the death of his father, which happened about this time, and which was followed by that of his mother, he engaged with his brother Peter Garrick in the wine trade. Soon weary of this situation, he determined on the Stage; and went to Ipswich in the summer of 1741, where he performed under the

name of Hamilton, with the most flattering success, the character of Aboan, in the tragedy of *Oroonoko*. On this his hopes were elevated to a pitch that led him to offer his services to the Managers of Drury-lane and Covent-garden, who did not think proper to engage him. He, however, entered into articles with *Mr. Giffard of Goodman's-fields*, where, on the 9th of October 1741, he appeared in the difficult part of the Third Richard, which he played in a manner which astonished the town; and from that moment his dramatic fame was firmly established: while the empty benches of the theatres at the court end of the town exhibited but too mournful a proof of the error or prejudice of their Managers. All their endeavours to turn the tide of public inclination were exerted in vain, and the star of the East remained the sole attraction.

On very advantageous terms being offered to him, Mr. Garrick closed with the Manager of the Dublin Theatre, to perform during some part of the summer. Among that generous and hospitable people our English Roscius became a deserving favourite. He did not make very long stay in Ireland. Partial to his own countrymen, he returned to London, and engaged himself for the ensuing winter under the management of Mr. Fleetwood, then of Drury-lane Theatre; nor did he again return to Ireland till the winter of 1745. On this visit he connected himself with Sheridan, with whom he conducted the business and shared the profits of Smock-alley Theatre-royal.

Again his stay in that kingdom was not of long duration ; for in 1746 he returned to England, and acted under the banners of Manager Rich.

In the spring of 1747 Mr. Fleetwood's Drury-lane patent expired. This gentleman, as a conductor of a theatre, had greatly impaired his fortune ; therefore giving up the hope of redeeming his loss, he relinquished the throne theatrical to Garrick and Lacy, who purchased the property of the theatre, together with the renovation of the patent. These gentlemen, with the prime part of Fleetwood's company ; to which was joined the powerful aid of Mrs. Cibber, Mrs. Pritchard, and Mr. Barry ; began their reign in the winter of the same year.

For many years Mr. Garrick enjoyed his situation in its fullest extent of respectability, honoured with the friendship and patronage of the first characters in the kingdom.

The years 1763, 4, and 5, Mr. Garrick devoted to travel. The lovers of the drama regretted his absence. On his return he was hailed with a cordial welcome from a British audience ; at once grateful to his feelings, and flattering to that vanity, of which it is well known the little Manager possessed no inconsiderable share.

For the last nine or ten years of his theatrical life, Mr. Garrick performed only in those characters he was well versed in, declining the study of new ones ; and this fully answered the purpose of the actor, as every night his name was on the list, Old Drury

was filled up, even to its remotest corners, with admiring hundreds of every description. A few seasons before the close of his management, with a liberality and taste equally honourable, he engaged the ADAMS's to decorate his theatre, and the splendid display of their elegant improvements will never be forgotten by those who beheld them fresh from the artists' hand, replete with every thing which fancy and genius could bestow.

Mr. Garrick was fond of his profession, and continued playing such characters as he had the greatest partiality for; when full of fame, and having acquired a very ample fortune; he made his last professional bow to an audience at once brilliant and numerous, on the 10th of June 1776, after performing the part of Don Felix in Mrs. Centlivre's interesting comedy of *The Wonder*. Disease, the bane of happiness, had at many painful intervals disturbed his repose, and cast a cloud over his future prospects. The stone, a complaint under which he long suffered, increased upon him with symptoms the most alarming, and destroyed the felicity which otherwise would have attended his retirement. And here it may be remarked, although Mr. Garrick was a man of the world, a finished gentleman, and a fine companion; yet, he never took liberties with his constitution at the convivial board, nor indulged in excesses of any description whatever. But human comforts are transient and uncertain !

“ Disease invades the chastest temperance,

“ And loud alarm pursues the fond of peace.”

In 1778 Mr. Garrick spent his Christmas with Lord Spencer, at Althorpe. Here he was seized with a violent illness, which at length so far abated as to permit him to return to his house in the Adelphi, where he expired on the 20th of January 1779; and on the first day of February, with great funeral pomp, his remains were conveyed to Westminster-abbey, where they were deposited.

In his person, Mr. Garrick was of the middle size, perhaps, somewhat below it; and his complexion rather dark; yet such was the dignity of his deportment, the symmetry of his form, and the nameless animation of his countenance, that his want of height was no drawback on the consequence of his appearance in the ranks of society, or in the personification of his noblest characters on the stage.

To err is human; as a man he had his faults; but his virtues were many; and he died amidst the sincere regrets of all who knew him.

As an actor; we may say with his own Shakespeare—

—————“ Take him for all in all,
“ We ne’er shall look upon his like again.”

Order of Mr. Garrick's Funeral.

FOUR men in mourning, with staffs covered with black silk and scarfs, on horseback, as porters. Six ditto, with mourning cloaks, &c. A man in mourning, to bear the pennon, with scarf, &c. Two supporters. Six men in cloaks, as before. Surcoat of arms. Helmet, with crest, wreath, and mantlet. State lid of black ostrich feathers, surrounded by escutcheons. Herse full dressed, with **THE BODY**.

State coach, empty ; a page on each side. Mourning coach, with the clergy of St. Martin's ; a page on each side. Six ditto, with the pall bearers, two in each coach ; six pages on each side. A ditto, with the chief mourner ; a page on each side. A ditto, with three family ditto. A ditto, with three physicians. A ditto, with surgeon and apothecaries ; a page on each side. A ditto, with Mess. Sheridan and Harris ; a page on each side. Three ditto, with a deputation of twelve gentlemen, performers from Drury-lane theatre ; three pages on each side. Two men in mourning, on horseback, with cloaks, &c. Three ditto, with a deputation of twelve gentlemen, performers from Covent-garden theatre ; three pages on each side. Two men in mourning, on horseback, with cloaks, &c. Four mourning coaches,

viii ORDER OF MR. GARRICK'S FUNERAL.

with the members of the literary club; four pages on each side. Two men in mourning, on horseback, with cloaks. Seven coaches with intimate friends of the deceased; seven pages on each side. Mr. Garrick's coach empty. All the gentlemen's family coaches empty.

At about three the body was received at the great west door by the bishop of Rochester, dean of Westminster, who, attended by the gentlemen of the choir in their hoods and surplices, preceded the corpse up the center aisle, during which time the full organ and choir performed Purcel's grand funeral service. Arriving at the place of interment, immediately under the monument of Shakespeare, in Poet's Corner, the bishop performed the last sacred ceremony of the church; the choir sung another solemn strain, and the remains were deposited in a grave, doubly hallowed by a nation's grief, and the copious tears of private friendship.

The pall was supported by

Lord Camden,	Duke of Devonshire,
Earl of Ossory,	Earl Spencer,
Rt. H. Mr. Rigby,	Viscount Palmerston,
Hon. Mr. Stanley,	Sir W. Wynne,
J. Patterson, Esq.	Albany Wallis, Esq.

Dr. Johnson, Mr. Colman, Mr. Dunning, Mr. Burke, Col. Barre, the Hon. Charles Fox, William Whitehead, Esq. Mr. Harris, Lord Charles Spencer, Mr. Quarme, (deputy usher of the black rod) Mr.

Bate, and a great number of gentlemen of distinction, either as men of rank, or men of literary fame, followed the hearse in mourning coaches.

Mess. Carrington and Nathan Garrick (nephews of the deceased) were the only persons of the family who were present.

Mess. Yates, King, Smith, Vernon, Parsons, Dodd, Aickin, Palmer, Bensley, Brereton, Moody, and Baddely, attended as the committee of Drury-lane theatre.

The following as the committee of Covent-garden theatre: Mess. Lewis, Lewes, Hull, Clarke, Wroughton, Reinhold, Aickin, Baker, Quick, Wilson, Mattocks, and Whitfield.

A greater concourse of people attended than was ever known on a similar occasion.

Mr. Garrick's Will.

I DAVID GARRICK, of the Adelphi, and of Hampton in the county of Middlesex, Esquire, do make public and declare this to be my last will and testament, as follows: I give and devise unto the Right Hon. Charles Lord Camden, the Right Hon. Richard Rigby, John Patterson, Esq. and Albany Wallis, Esq. of Norfolk-street, all that my dwelling-house at Hampton aforesaid, and the out-houses, stables, yards, gardens, orchards, lands, and grounds thereunto belonging, or therewith now by me used, occupied, or enjoyed, together with the two islands or aits on the river Thames, with their and every of their appurtenances, and the statue of Shakespeare: and also all that my dwelling-house in the Adelphi, with the appurtenances; and also all and every the pictures, household goods, and furniture, of and in both the said houses at Hampton and Adelphi, at the time of my decease (of which an inventory shall be taken) To hold to the said Charles Lord Camden, Richard Rigby, John Patterson, and Albany Wallis; their heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns, in trust for and to the use of my wife Eva Maria Garrick, for and during the term of her natural life, for her own residence, she keeping the house and pre-

mises in good repair, and paying all quit-rents, taxes, and other rents and out-goings for the same : I give to my said wife all my household linen, silver plate, and china ware, which I shall die possessed of, or entitled unto, both in town and country ; together with my carriages and horses, and all the stock in my cellars at both houses, to and for her own use and benefit : I also give to my said wife one thousand pounds, to be paid immediately after my death, out of the first money that shall be received by my executors : I give to my said wife the further sum of five thousand pounds, to be paid twelve months after my decease, with interest for the same, at the rate of four pounds *per centum* : and I also give to my said wife, Eva Maria Garrick, one clear annuity or yearly sum of fifteen hundred pounds of lawful money of Great Britain, for and during the term of her natural life, to be paid to her quarterly, to and for her sole and separate use, without being subject to the debts, controul, or intermeddling of any husband she shall or may marry, and her receipt alone to be sufficient discharges from time to time for the same, to my executors and trustees. It is my request and desire, that my wife shall continue in England, and make Hampton and the Adelphi her chief places of residence ; but if she shall leave England, and reside beyond the sea, or in Scotland, or Ireland, in such case, which I hope will not happen, but in that case, I revoke, and make void all the devises and bequests to her, or for her use herein before mentioned, which shall, on such event, become due, and payable to her, and

instead thereof, I give her only a clear annuity of one thousand pounds of lawful money of Great Briton, for and during the term of her natural life, payable quarterly. Provided nevertheless, and I hereby declare, that the provision hereby made for my wife, and the legacies and bequests hereby given to her, are meant and intended to be in lieu of and full satisfaction for the dividends, interest, and profits of ten thousand pounds, which by our marriage settlement is to be paid, and agreed to be invested in stocks, or securities, for the purposes therein mentioned; and also in bar, and full satisfaction of her dower, or thirds at common law, which she may be intitled to out of my real estates. And I further declare it to be an express condition, annexed to the said legacies and bequests, so given to my wife, that if she shall not, within three callendar months next after my decease, testify her consent in writing, to my executors, to take under this my will, and to relinquish all claim to the interest and dividends of the said ten thousand pounds, mentioned in our marriage settlement; then, and in such case, all the annuities, legacies, devises, and bequests to her, or for her benefit hereafter mentioned, shall become null and void, and the annuities herein given to her shall sink into, and become part of my estate. And from and after the decease of my wife, or from and after the determination, or forfeiture of her interest in the premises, as aforesaid, I direct my said trustees, and the survivors, or the heirs, executors, or administrators of the survivor, to sell, dispose of, and convey my said houses,

gardens, and land at Hampton and the Adelphi, with their respective appurtenances, pictures, household-goods, and furnitures, herein before given (except the statue of Shakespeare) by public or private sale, as they shall think proper, for the best price that can reasonably be got for the same, and turn the same into money upon the trusts, and for the purposes herein after mentioned. I give and devise all that messuage and garden, now occupied by, and in possession of my nephew David Garrick, at Hampton, and all the furniture therein, and all other my messuages, farms, and lands in the parish of Hampton (except those given to or for the use of my wife) unto and to the use of my said nephew David Garrick, his heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns. I give and devise all that my manor of Hendon, and all other my manors, messuages, lands, and tenements, and hereditaments, with their and every of their rights, royalties, members, and appurtenances, unto the said Charles Lord Camden, Richard Rigby, John Patterson, and Albany Wallis, and the survivors or survivor of them, and the heirs of such survivor, in trust to sell, dispose of, and convey the same, together or in parcels, by public or private, or in any one or more sale or sales, and the clear money arising from such sale or sales, as the same shall be received, after defraying the expences attending such sales, to place out upon government or real security at interest in their names, in trust, and for the purposes hereafter mentioned. I give and bequeath the statue of Shakespeare (after my wife's death), and all my

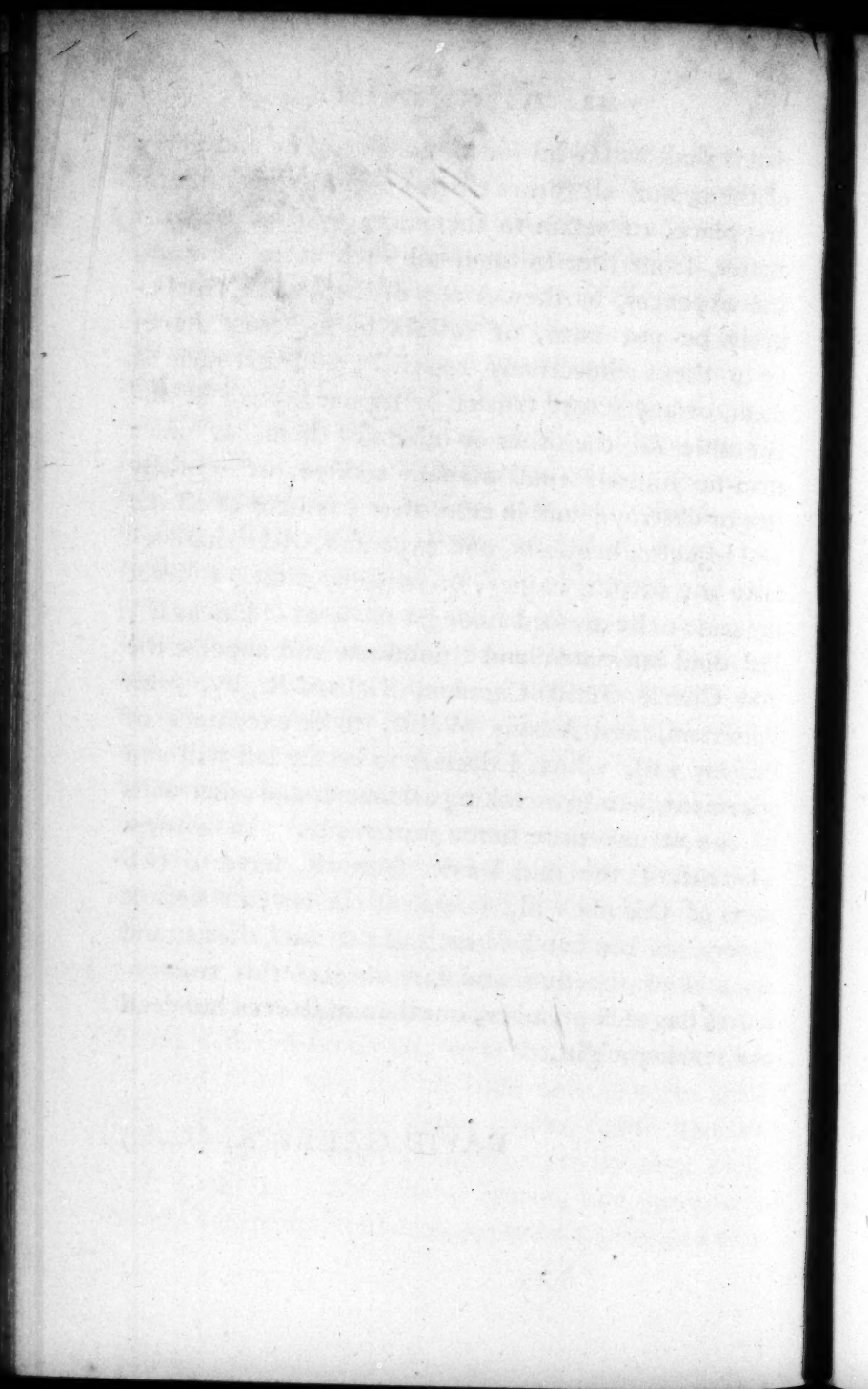
collection of old English plays, to the trustees of the British Museum, for the time being, for the use of the public. I give all the rest of my books, of what kind soever (except such as my wife shall chuse, to the value of one hundred pounds, which I give and bequeath to her) unto my nephew Carrington Garrick, for his own use. I give the houses in Drury-lane, which I bought of the fund for decayed actors of the theatre there, back again to the fund. I give and bequeath all the rest of my personal estate whatsoever, not specifically given to the said Charles Lord Camden, Richard Rigby, John Patterson, and Albany Wallis, their executors, administrators, and assigns, in trust to be by them with all convenient speed sold and disposed of to the best advantage, and out of the money to arise therefrom, and any other money or personal estate, in the first place to pay the said legacies of one thousand pounds, and five thousand pounds to my wife, and the residue to be placed in their names in government or real security at interest upon trust, that they the said trustees, and the survivors or survivor of them, and the executors, administrators, and assigns, of each survivor shall, and do, out of the dividends, interest, profits, and proceed thereof, or a competent part thereof, to, from time to time, pay or cause to be paid my wife, Ava Maria Garrick, the said annuity of fifteen hundred pounds, herein before given to her during her natural life as aforesaid; and for that purpose I direct that part of my personal estate, and of the money to arise from the sale of my real estates, and the securities on which

the same shall be invested shall be set apart, sufficient for the interest thereof to pay the annuities of fifteen hundred pounds, or one thousand pounds, as the case may happen to my wife, during her life as aforesaid; and in case any such securities so set apart for the purposes aforesaid, shall fail or prove deficient, I direct others to be appropriated to make good the same, so as that the said annuities and provision may be fully and punctually paid to my wife, in preference to every other legacy, payment, or bequest whatsoever. And, I give to my brother George Garrick, the sum of ten thousand pounds. To my brother Peter Garrick, the sum of three thousand pounds. To my nephew Carrington Garrick, the sum of six thousand pounds. To my nephew David Garrick, the sum of five thousand pounds, besides what I agreed to give him on his marriage. I direct my executors and trustees to stand possessed of six thousand pounds, part of my personal estate, in trust for my niece Arabella Schaw, wife of Captain Schaw, and to pay and dispose thereof, in such manner as my niece Arabella Schaw shall (notwithstanding her present coverture, by writing, signed by her in the presence of two credible witnesses) direct or appoint: and in default of such direction or appointment, to pay one moiety thereof to her personal representatives, the other moiety to become a part of my personal estate. I give to my niece Catherine Garrick, the sum of six thousand pounds, to be paid to her at the age of twenty-one years, or day of marriage, with interest, at the rate of four *per cent. per*

annum. I give to my sister Merical Doxey, the sum of three thousand pounds. I give to my wife's niece, who is now with us at Hampton, the sum of one thousand pounds. All which legacies I direct shall be paid by my executors, out of the residue of my personal estate, which shall remain after paying the legacies to my wife, and securing the annuities as aforesaid: and if there shall not be sufficient to answer and pay all the said last mentioned legacies, the legatees shall abate in proportion to their legacies, and wait until the death of my wife, when the money arising by the sale of Hampton and the fund, for payment of the annuities, will be at liberty, and become part of my personal estate, to answer and pay the said legacies in full, provided always that, if any one or two of my trustees shall die before the several trusts hereby in them reposed, shall be fully and completely executed and finished; then, and in such case, the survivors and survivor of them shall, in convenient time, assign, transfer, and convey such of the estates, stocks, funds, and other securities, as shall then remain undisposed of for the purposes aforesaid, so as the same may be vested in the survivors or survivor; and as often as any of the said trustees shall die, a new one shall be named to be joined with the survivors, so as that the number may be kept filled up; and all such new trustees shall stand possessed of the estates, stocks, funds, and securities, jointly with the survivors, to the same uses, and upon the same trusts, intents, and purposes, herein before declared and appointed: provided also

that it shall be lawful for my said trustees and every of them, and all future trustee and trustees, in the first place, to retain to themselves out of the trust estates, from time to time, all such costs, charges, and expences, as they or any of them shall respectively be put unto, or sustain in the trust hereby in them respectively reposed ; and that none of them, or any future trustee or trustees, shall be answerable for the other or others of them, or more than he himself shall actually receive, or wilfully lose or destroy ; and in case, after payment of all the said legacies, bequests, and expences, there shall remain any surplus money, or personal estate, I direct the same to be divided amongst my next of kin, as if I had died intestate ; and I nominate and appoint the said Charles Lord Camden, Richard Rigby, John Patterson, and Albany Wallis, to be executors of this my will, which I declare to be my last will and testament, hereby revoking all former and other wills by me at any time heretofore made. In witness whereof, I the said David Garrick, have to two parts of this my will, contained in seven sheets of paper, set my hand to each of the said sheets, and my seal to the first and last sheets, this twenty-fourth day of September, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-eight.

DAVID GARRICK, (L. S.)



The Guardian.

THIS excellent Farce, (a free translation from the French) by the late David Garrick, was, for the first time presented to the town, on the boards of Old Drury, in 1759.

Garrick, like the matchless bard he delighted to honour, had studied nature through all her walks. This great actor mixed with society to mark its manners. Of the truth of this, his works, though few, bear honourable testimony. In the study the creations of his active mind, were raised by nature: on the stage, every action, every look, and every tone, were conceived, modelled, and breathed in the strictest conformity to her unerring and chaste principles.

The character of the Guardian is finely drawn. The two Clackits hold up the mirror to the numerous herd of frivolous beings, which in every age have set sense and reason at defiance, and provoked satire to perform its wholesome office.

Harriet presents a picture of simplicity and candour. The latter scene, in which she, with address and delicacy, avows her affection to an object so worthy of it, places her character in a point of view truly amiable.

At the time this piece was written, gentlemen, even on the wrong side of forty, were not in the habit of appearing in tye-wigs. By a side speech from Lucy, it is evident a curly honour of that description was worn by Heartly, and which must have injured the scene in its representation.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DRURY-LANE.

Heartly,	-	-	MR. BENSLEY
Sir Charles Clackit,	-	-	MR. PARSONS
Mr. Clackit,	-	-	MR. DODD
Servant,			
Harriet,	-	-	MRS. WILSON
Lucy,	-	-	MISS KEMBLE,

COVENT-GARDEN.

Heartly,	-	-	MR. POPE
Sir Charles Clackit,	-	-	MR. QUICK
Mr. Clackit,	-	-	MR. BROWN
Servant,			
Harriet,	-	-	MISS BRUNTON
Lucy	-	-	MRS. LESSINGHAM.



The Guardian.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter SIR CHARLES CLACKIT, *his* NEPHEW, and
SERVANT.

Servant.

PLEASE to walk this way, Sir

Sir Cha. Where is your master, friend?

Serv. In his dressing-room, Sir.

Y. Cla. Let him know then——

Sir Cha. Prithee be quiet, Jack; when I am in company, let me direct. 'Tis proper and decent.

Y. Cla. I am dumb, Sir.

Sir Cha. Tell Mr. Heartly, his friend and neighbour Sir Charles Clackit would say three words to him.

Serv. I shall, Sir.——

[*Exit.*

Sir Cha. Now, nephew, consider once again, before I open the matter to my neighbour Heartly, what I am going to undertake for you.——Why don't you speak?

Y. Cla. Is it proper and decent, uncle?

Sir Cha. Psha! don't be a fool—but answer me—Don't you flatter yourself.—What assurance have you that this young lady, my friend's ward, has a liking to you? The young fellows of this age are all coxcombs, and I am afraid you are no exception to the general rule.

Y. Cla. Thank you, uncle—But may I this instant be struck old and peevish, if I would put you upon a false scent to expose you, for all the fine women in Christendom.—I assure you again and again, and you may take my word, uncle, that Miss Harriet has no kind of aversion to your nephew and most humble servant.

Sir Cha. Ay, ay—vanity!—vanity!—but I never take a young fellow's word about women; they'll lie as fast, and with as little conscience, as the Brussels Gazette.—Produce your proofs.

Y. Cla. Can't your eyes see 'em, uncle, without urging me to the indelicacy of repeating 'em?

Sir Cha. Why, I see nothing but a fool's head and a fool's coat, supported by a pair of most unpromising legs.—Have you no better proofs?

Y. Cla. Yes, I have, my good infidel uncle, half a hundred.

Sir Cha. Out with them then.

Y. Cla. First then—Whenever I see her, she never looks at me:—That's a sign of love.—Whenever I speak to her, she never answers me:—Another sign of love.—And whenever I speak to any body else, she seems to be perfectly easy:—That's a certain sign of love.

Sir Cha. The devil it is!

Y. Cla. When I am with her she is always grave; and the moment I get up to leave her, then the poor thing begins:—"Why will you leave me, Mr. Clackit? can't you sacrifice a few moments to my bashfulness?—Stay, you agreeable runaway, stay, I shall soon overcome the fears your presence gives me."—I could say more—But a man of honour, uncle—

Sir Cha. What, and has she said all these things to you?

Y. Cla. O yes, and ten times more—with her eyes.

Sir Cha. With her eyes?—Eyes are very equivocal, Jack.—However, if the young lady has any liking to you, Mr. Heartly is too much a man of the world, and too much my friend, to oppose the match; so do you walk into the garden, and I will open the matter to him.

Y. Cla. Is there any objection to my staying, uncle? The business will be soon ended.—you will propose the match; he will give his consent, I shall give mine; Miss is sent for, and *l'affaire est fait*.

[*Snapping his finger.*]

Sir Cha. And so you think that a young beautiful heiress, with forty thousand pounds, is to be had with a scrap of French, and a snap of your finger. Prithee get away, and don't provoke me.

Y. Cla. Nay, but my dear uncle—

Sir Cha. Nay, but my impertinent nephew, either retire, or I'll throw up the game. [*Putting him out.*]

Y. Cla. Well, well, I am gone, uncle.—When

you come to the point, I shall be ready to make my appearance.—*Bon voyage!* [Exit.

Sir Cha. The devil's in these young fellows, I think.—We send 'em abroad to cure their sheepishness, and they get above proof the other way.

Enter Mr. HEARTLY.

—Good-morrow to you, neighbour.

Hea. And to you, Sir Charles; I am glad to see you so strong and healthy.

Sir Cha. I can return you the compliment, my friend:—Without flattery, you don't look more than thirty-five; and, between ourselves, you are on the wrong side of forty—But mum for that.

Hea. Ease and tranquillity keep me as you see.

Sir Cha. Why don't you marry, neighbour? A good wife would do well for you.

Hea. For me? You are pleased to be merry, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. No faith, I am serious; and had I a daughter to recommend to you, you should say me "Nay" more than once, I assure you, neighbour Heartly, before I would quit you.

Hea. I am much obliged to you.

Sir Cha. But indeed you are a little too much of the philosopher to think of being troubled with women and their concerns.

Hea. I beg your pardon, Sir Charles—Though there are many who call themselves philosophers, that live single, and perhaps are in the right of it, yet I cannot think that marriage is at all inconsist-

ent with true philosophy.—‘A wise man will resolve to live like the rest of the world, with this only difference, that he is neither a slave to passions nor events.’—It is not because I have a little philosophy, but because I am on the wrong side of forty, Sir Charles, that I desire to be excused.

Sir Cha. As you please, Sir;—and now to my business.—You have no objection, I suppose, to tie up your ward, Miss Harriet, though you have slipped the collar yourself.—Ha, ha, ha!

Hea. Quite the contrary, Sir; I have taken her some time from the boarding-school, and brought her home, in order to dispose of her worthily, with her own inclination.

Sir Cha. Her father, I have heard you say, recommended that particular care to you, when she had reached a certain age.

Hea. He did so—and I am the more desirous to obey him scrupulously in this circumstance, as she will be a most valuable acquisition to the person who shall gain her—for, not to mention her fortune, which is the least consideration, her sentiments are worthy her birth; she is gentle, modest, and obliging.—In a word, my friend, I never saw youth more amiable or discreet—but perhaps I am a little partial to her.

Sir Cha. No, no; she is a delicious creature, every body says so.—But I believe, neighbour, something has happened that you little think of,

Hea. What, pray, Sir Charles?

Sir Cha. My nephew, Mr. Heartly—

Enter YOUNG CLACKIT.

Y. Cla. Here I am, at your service, Sir—my uncle is a little unhappy in his manner ; but I'll clear the matter in a moment — Miss Harriet, Sir,— your ward—

Sir Cha. Get away, you puppy !

Y. Cla. Miss Harriet, Sir, your ward—a most accomplished young lady, to be sure——

Sir Cha. Thou art a most accomplished coxcomb, to be sure.

Hea. Pray, Sir Charles, let the young gentleman speak.

Y. Cla. You'll excuse me, Mr. Heartly—My uncle does not set up for an orator— little confused, or so, Sir—You see me what I am—But I ought to ask pardon for the young lady and myself.—We are young, Sir—I must confess we were wrong to conceal it from you—But my uncle, I see, is pleased to be angry ; and therefore I shall say no more at present.

Sir Cha. If you don't leave the room this moment, and stay in the garden till I call you——

Y. Cla. I am sorry I have displeased you—I did not think it was *mal-a-propos* ; but you must have your way, uncle—You command—I submit—Mr. Heartly, yours.

[*Exit Young Clackit.*

Sir Cha. Puppy! (*aside.*) My nephew's a little unthinking, Mr. Heartly, as you see ; and therefore I have been a little cautious how I have proceeded in this affair : But indeed he has in a manner persuaded me, that your ward and he are not ill together.

Hea. Indeed! This is the first notice I have had of it, and I cannot conceive why Miss Harriet should conceal it from me; for I have often assured her, that I would never oppose her inclination, though I might endeavour to direct it.

Sir Cha. 'Tis human nature, neighbour.—We are so ashamed of our first passion, that we would willingly hide it from ourselves—But will you mention my nephew to her?

Hea. I must beg your pardon, Sir Charles.—The name of the gentleman whom she chooses, must first come from herself.—My advice or importunity shall never influence her: If guardians would be less rigorous, young people would be more reasonable; and I am so unfashionable to think, that happiness in marriage can't be bought too dear—I am still on the wrong side of forty, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. No, no—You are right, neighbour.—But here she is. Don't alarm her young heart too much, I beg of you.—Upon my word, she is a sweet morsel.

Enter MISS HARRIET and LUCY.

Miss Har. He is with company—I'll speak to him another time.

[Retiring.]

Lucy. Young, handsome, and afraid of being seen!—You are very particular, Miss.

Hea. Miss Harriet, you must not go.—[*Harriet returns.*] Sir Charles, give me leave to introduce you to this young lady.—You know, I suppose, the reason of this gentleman's visit to me? [To Harriet,

Miss Har. Sir! (*confused.*)

Hea. You may trust me, my dear.—Don't be disturb'd, I shall not reproach you with any thing but keeping your wishes a secret from me so long.

Miss Har. —Upon my word, Sir.—Lucy!

Lucy. Well, and Lucy! I'll lay my life 'tis a treaty of marriage.—Is that such a dreadful thing! Oh, for shame, Madam! Young ladies of fashion are not frightened at such things now-a-days.

Hea. (*to Sir Cha.*)—We have gone too far, Sir Charles.—We must excuse her delicacy, and give her time to recover:—I had better talk with her alone; we will leave her now.—Be persuaded that no endeavours shall be wanting on my part to bring this affair to a happy and a speedy conclusion.

Sir Cha. I shall be obliged to you, Mr. Heartly.—Young lady, your servant.—What grace and modesty! She is a most engaging creature, and I shall be proud to make her one of my family.

Hea. You do us honour, Sir Charles.

[*Exeunt Sir Charles and Heartly.*]

Lucy. Indeed, Miss Harriet, you are very particular; you was tired of the boarding-school, and yet seem to have no inclination to be married.—What can be the meaning of all this!—That smirking old gentleman is uncle to Mr. Clackit; and, my life for it, he has made some proposals to your guardian.

Miss Har. Prithee, don't plague me about Mr. Clackit.

Lucy. But why not, Miss? Though he is a little fantastical, loves to hear himself talk, and is somewhat self-sufficient; you must consider he is young,

has been abroad, and keeps good company:—The trade will soon be at an end, if young ladies and gentlemen grow over nice and exceptionous.

Miss Har. But if I can find one without these faults, I may surely please myself.

Lucy. Without these faults! and is he young, Miss?

Miss Har. He is sensible, modest, polite, affable, and generous; and charms from the natural impulses of his own heart, as much as others disgust by their senseless airs and insolent affectation.

Lucy. Upon my word!—But why have you kept this secret so long?—Your guardian is kind to you beyond conception.—What difficulties can you have to overcome?

Miss Har. Why, the difficulty of declaring my sentiments.

Lucy. Leave that to me, Miss.—But your spark, with all his accomplishments, must have very little penetration, not to have discovered his good fortune in your eyes.

Miss Har. I take care that my eyes don't tell too much; and he has too much delicacy to interpret looks to his advantage. Besides, he would certainly disapprove my passion; and if I should ever make the declaration, and meet with a denial, I should absolutely die with shame.

Lucy. I'll insure your life for a silver thimble.—But what can possibly hinder your coming together?

Miss Har. His excess of merit.

Lucy. His excess of a fiddlestick!—But come,

I'll put you in the way:—You shall trust me with the secret;—I'll intrust it again to half a dozen friends; they shall intrust it to half a dozen more, by which means it will travel half the town over in a week's time: the gentleman will certainly hear of it; and then if he is not at your feet in the fetching of a sigh, I'll give up all my perquisites at your wedding.—What is his name, Miss?

Miss Har. I cannot tell you his name,—indeed I cannot; I am afraid of being thought too singular.—But why should I be ashamed of my passion? Is the impression which a virtuous character makes upon our hearts such a weakness that it may not be excused?

Lucy. By my faith, Miss, I can't understand you: You are afraid of being thought singular, and you really are so;—I would sooner renounce all the passions in the universe, than have one in my bosom beating and fluttering itself to pieces.—Come, come, Miss, open the window, and let the poor devil out.

Enter HEARTLY.

Hea. Leave us, Lucy.

Lucy. There's something going forward—'tis very hard I can't be of the party. [Exit.

Hea. She certainly thinks, from the character of the young man, that I shall disapprove of her choice.

[Aside.

Miss Har. What can I possibly say to him? I am as much ashamed to make the declaration, as he would be to understand it.

Hea. Don't imagine, my dear, that I would know more of your thoughts than you desire I should; but the tender care which I have ever shewn, and the sincere friendship which I shall always have for you, give me a sort of right to enquire into every thing that concerns you.—Some friends have spoken to me in particular.—But that is not all.—I have lately found you thoughtful, absent, and disturbed.—Be plain with me—Has not somebody been happy enough to please you?

Miss Har. I cannot deny it, Sir:—Yes:—somebody indeed has pleased me—but I must intreat you not to give credit to any idle stories, or inquire farther into the particulars of my inclination; for I cannot possibly have resolution enough to say more to you.

Hea. But have you made a choice, my dear?

Miss Har. I have, in my own mind, Sir; and 'tis impossible to make a better—Reason, honour, every thing must approve it.

Hea. And how long have you conceived this passion?

Miss Har. Ever since I left the country—to live with you. [Sighs.]

Hea. I see your confusion, my dear, and will relieve you from it immediately—I am informed of the whole—

Miss Har. Sir!

Hea. Don't be uneasy; for I can with pleasure assure you, that your passion is return'd with equal tenderness.

Miss Har. If you are not deceiv'd—I cannot be more happy.

Hea. I think I am not deceiv'd.—But, after the declaration you have made, and the assurances which I have given you, why will you conceal it any longer? Have I not deserv'd a little more confidence from you?

Miss Har. You have indeed deserv'd it, and should certainly have it, were I not well assur'd that you would oppose my inclinations.

Hea. I oppose 'em!—Am I then so unkind to you, my dear?—Can you in the least doubt of my affection for you!—I promise you that I have no will but yours.

Miss Har. Since you desire it then, I will endeavour to explain myself.

Hea. I am all attention—Speak, my dear.

Miss Har. And if I do, I feel I shall never be able to speak to you again.

Hea. How can that be, when I shall agree with you in every thing?

Miss Har. Indeed you won't:—Pray let me retire to my own chamber—I am not well, Sir.

Hea. I see your delicacy is hurt, my dear:—but let me intreat you once more to confide in me. Tell me his name, and the next moment I will go to him, assure him, that my consent shall confirm both your happiness.

Miss Har. You will easily find him:—And when you have, pray tell him how improper it is for a young woman to speak first:—Persuade him

to spare my blushes, and to release me from so terrible a situation.—I shall leave him with you—and hope that this declaration will make it impossible for you to mistake me any longer.

[*Harriet is going, but, upon seeing Y. Clackit, remains upon the stage.*]

Hea. Are we not alone? what can this mean? [*Aside.*
Y. Cla. *Apropos, faith! here they are together.*

Hea. I did not see him; but now the riddle's explained. [*Aside.*

Miss Har. What can he want now?—This is the most spiteful interruption. [*Aside.*

Y. Cla. By your leave, Mr. Heartly.—

[*Crosses him to go to Harriet.*

—Have I caught you at last, my divine Harriet!—Well, Mr. Heartly, *sans facon*——But what's the matter, ho!—Things look a little gloomy here:——One mutters to himself, and gives me no answer; and the other turns the head, and winks at me——How the devil am I to interpret all this?

Miss Har. I wink at you, Sir! Did I, Sir!

Y. Cla. Yes, you, my angel——But mum——Mr. Heartly, for Heaven's sake what is all this? Speak I conjure you, is it life or death with me?

Miss Har. What a dreadful situation I am in!

Y. Cla. Hope for the best;—I'll bring matters about, I warrant you.

Hea. You have both of you great reason to be satisfied—Nothing shall oppose your happiness.

Y. Cla. Bravo, Mr. Heartly!

Hea. Miss Harriet's will is a law to me; and for

you, Sir—the friendship which I have ever profess'd for your uncle is too sincere not to exert some of it upon this occasion.

Miss Har. I shall die with confusion! [*Aside.*

Y. Cla. I am alive again.—Dear Mr. Heartly, thou art a most adorable creature! What a happiness it is to have to do with a man of sense, who has no foolish prejudices, and can see when a young fellow has something tolerable about him!—

Hea. Sir, not to flatter you, I must declare, that it is from a knowledge of your friends and family that I have hopes of seeing you and this young lady happy. I will go directly to your uncle, and assure him that every thing goes on to our wishes.— [*going.*

Miss Har. Mr. Heartly—Pray, Sir!

Hea. Poor Miss Harriet, I see your distress, and am sorry for it; but it must be got over, and the sooner the better.—Mr. Clackit, my dear, will be glad of an opportunity to entertain you for the little time I shall be absent!—Poor Miss Harriet! [*Smiling.*

[*Exit Heartly.*

Y. Cla. *Allez, allez, Monsieur!*—I'll answer for that.—Well, Ma'am, I think every thing succeeds to our wishes.—Be sincere, my adorable——Don't you think yourself a very happy young lady?

Miss Har. I shall be most particularly obliged to you, Sir, if you would inform me what is the meaning of all this?

Y. Cla. Inform you, Miss!—The matter, I believe, is pretty clear:—Our friends have understanding—we have affections——and a marriage follows of course.

Miss Har. Marriage, Sir!—Pray what relation or particular connection is there between you and me, Sir?

Y. Cla. I may be deceived, faith;—but upon my honour, I always supposed that there was a little smattering of inclination between us.

Miss Har. And have you spoke to my guardian upon this supposition, Sir?

Y. Cla. And are you angry at it? I believe not.—
(*Smiling.*) Come, come, I believe not.—'Tis delicate in you to be upon the reserve.—

Miss Har. Indeed, Sir, this behaviour of yours is most extraordinary.

Y. Cla. Come, come, my dear, don't carry this jest too far, *è troppo troppo mia Carissima*—What the devil, when every thing is agreed upon, and uncles and guardians and such folks have given their consent, why continue the hypocrisy?

Miss Har. They may have consented for you; but I am mistress of my affections, and will never dispose of 'em by proxy.

Y. Cla. Upon my soul, this is very droll:—What, has not your guardian been here this moment, and expressed all imaginable pleasure at our intended union?

Miss Har. He is in an error, Sir:—And had I not been too much astonished at your behaviour, I had undeceiv'd him long before now.

Y. Cla. (*Humming a tune.*) But, pray, Miss, to return to business—What can be your intention in raising all this confusion in the family, and opposing your own inclinations?

Miss Har. Opposing my own inclinations, Sir!

Y. Cla. Ay, opposing your own inclinations, Madam.—Do you know, child, if you carry on this farce any longer, I shall begin to be a little angry?

Miss Har. I would wish it, Sir;—for be assur'd, that I never in my life had the least thought about you.

Y. Cla. Words, words, words——

Miss Har. 'Tis most sincerely and literally true.

Y. Cla. Come, come, I know what I know——

Miss Har. Don't make yourself ridiculous, Mr. Clackit.

Y. Cla. Don't make yourself miserable, Miss Harriet.

Miss Har. I am only so when you persist to torment me.

Y. Cla. (*Smiling.*) And you really believe that you don't love me?

Miss Har. Positively not.

Y. Cla. (*Conceitedly.*) And you are very sure now, that you hate me?

Miss Har. Oh! most cordially.

Y. Cla. Poor young lady! I do pity you from my soul.

Miss Har. Then why won't you leave me?

Y. Cla. ——“*She never told her love,*

“*But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud.*

“*Feed on her damask cheek.*”——

Take warning, Miss, when you once begin to *pine in thought*, 'tis all over with you; and be assured, since you are obstinately bent to give yourself airs, that,

if you once suffer me to leave this house in a pet—do you mind me?—not all your sighing, whining, fits, vapours, and hysterics, shall ever move me to take the least compassion on you—*Coute qui coute.*

Enter HEARTLY and SIR CHARLES.

Sir Cha. I am overjoy'd to hear it:—There they are, the pretty doves! That is the age, neighbour Heartly, for happiness and pleasure.

Hea. I am willing, you see, to lose no time; which may convince you, Sir Charles, how proud I am of this alliance in our families.

Sir Cha. The thought of it rejoices me:—Gad, I will send for the fiddles, and take a dance myself, and a fig for the gout and rheumatism.—But hold, hold,—the lovers, methinks are a little out of humour with each other—What is the matter, Jack? Not pouting, sure, before your time.

Y. Cla. A trifle, Sir—the lady will tell you—
[Hums a tune.]

Hea. You seem to be troubled, Harriet?—What can this mean?

Miss Har. You have been in an error, Sir, about me.—I did not undeceive you, because I could not imagine that the consequences could have been so serious and so sudden:—But I am now forced to tell you, that you have misunderstood me—that you have distressed me.—

Hea. How, my dear?

Sir Cha. What do you say, Miss?

Y. Cla. Mademoiselle is pleased to be out of hu-

mour: but I can't blame her; for, upon my honour, I think a little coquetry becomes her.

Sir Cha. Ay, ay, ay,—Oh, ho!—Is that all? These little squalls seldom upset the lover's boat, but drive it faster to port—Ay, ay, ay——

Hea. Don't be uneasy, my dear, that you have declared your passion.—Be consistent now, lest you should be thought capricious.

Y. Cla. Talk to her a little, Mr. Heartly; she is a fine lady, and has many virtues; but she does not know the world.

Sir Cha. Come, come, you must be friends again my children.

Miss Har. I beg you leave me alone, Sir.

Hea. For heaven's sake, Miss Harriet, explain this riddle to me.

Miss Har. I cannot, Sir—I have discovered the weakness of my heart—I have discovered it to you, Sir.—But your unkind interpretations, and reproachful looks, convince me, that I have already said but too much.—[*Exit Harriet.*] [*Heartly muses.*]

Sir Cha. Well, but hark'ye, nephew—This is going a little too far.—What have you done to her?

Hea. I never saw her so much moved before!

Y. Cla. Upon my soul, gentlemen, I am as much surprised at it as you can be:—The little *bronillerie* between us arose upon her persisting that there was no passion, no *penchant*, between us.

Sir Cha. I'll tell you what, Jack—there is a certain kind of impudence about you, that I don't ap-

prove of; and were I a young girl, those coxcomical airs of yours would surfeit me.

Y. Cla. But as the young ladies are not quite so squeamish as you, uncle, I fancy they will choose me as I am. Ha! ha!—But what can the lady object to? I have offered to marry her; is not that a proof sufficient that I like her? A young fellow must have some affection that will go to such lengths to indulge it. Ha! ha!

Sir Cha. Why really, friend Heartly, I don't see how a young man can well do more, or a lady desire more.—What say you, neighbour?

Hea. Upon my word, I am puzzled about it.—My thoughts upon the matter are so various, and so confused—Every thing I see and hear is so contradictory—is so—She certainly cannot like any body else!

Y. Cla. No, no, I'll answer for that—

Hea. Or she may be fearful then, that your passion for her is not sincere; or, like other young men of the times, you may grow careless upon marriage, and neglect her.

Y. Cla. Ha! Egad you have hit it; nothing but a little natural delicate sensibility— [*Hums a tune.*]

Hea. If so, perhaps the violence of her reproaches may proceed from the lukewarmness of your professions.

Y. Cla. *Je vous demande pardon*—I have sworn to her a hundred and a hundred times, that she should be the happiest of her sex.—But there is nothing surprising in all this; it is the misery of an overfond heart, to be always doubtful of its happiness.

Hea. And if she marries thee, I fear that she'll be kept in a state of doubt as long as she lives.

[*Half aside.*]

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. Pray, gentlemen, what is the matter among you? And which of you has affronted my mistress? She is in a most prodigious taking yonder, and she vows to return into the country again—I can get nothing but sighs from her.

Y. Cla. Poor thing!

Lucy. Poor thing! The devil take this love, I say—There's more rout about it than 'tis worth.

Y. Cla. I beg your pardon for that, Mrs. Abigail.

Hea. I must inquire further into this; her behaviour is too particular for me not to be disturbed at it.

Lucy. She desires, with the leave of these gentlemen, that, when she has recovered herself, she may talk with you alone, Sir. [To Heartly.]

Hea. I shall with pleasure attend her. [*Exit Lucy.*]

Y. Cla. Divin Bacchus: La, la, la! [Sings.]

Sir Cha. I would give, old as I am, a leg or an arm to be belov'd by that sweet creature as you are, Jack!

Y. Cla. And throw your gout and rheumatism into the bargain, uncle!—Ha, ha! *Divin Bacchus.*—La, la, la, &c. [Sings.]

Sir Cha. What the plague are you quavering at! Thou hast no more feeling for thy happiness than my stick here.

Y. Cla. I beg your pardon for that, my dear uncle.
[Takes out a pocket looking-glass.]

Sir Cha. I wonder what the devil is come to the young fellows of this age, neighbour Heartly?—Why, a fine woman has no effect upon 'em—Is there no method to make 'em less fond of themselves, and more mindful of the ladies?

Hea. I know but of one, Sir Charles.—

Sir Cha. Ay, what's that?

Hea. Why, to break all the looking-glasses in the kingdom.
[Pointing to *Y. Clackit*.]

Sir Cha. Ay, ay, they are such fops, so taken up with themselves!—Zounds, when I was young, and in love—

Y. Cla. You were a prodigious fine sight, to be sure.

Hea. Look'ye, Mr. Clackit, if Miss Harriet's affections declare for you, she must not be treated with neglect or disdain—Nor could I bear it, Sir.—Any man must be proud of her partiality to him; and he must be fashionably insensible indeed, who wou'd not make it his darling care to defend from every iniquitude the most delicate and tender of her sex.

Sir Cha. Most nobly and warmly said, Mr. Heartly.—Go, to her, nephew, directly.—Throw yourself at her feet, and swear how much her beauty and virtue have captivated you, and don't let her go till you have set her dear little heart at rest.

Y. Cla. I must desire to be excus'd. Would you have me say the same thing over and over again?—

I can't do it, positively. It is my turn to be piqu'd now.

Sir Cha. Damn your conceit, Jack, I can bear it no longer.

Hea. I am verv sorry to find that any young lady, so near and dear to me, shou'd bestow her heart where there is so little prospect of its being valued as it ought. However, I shall not oppose my authority to her inclinations; and so—Who waits there? [*Enter servant.*] Let the young lady know that I shall attend her commands in the library. [*Exit servant.*] Will you excuse me, gentlemen?

Sir Cha. Ay, ay—We'll leave you to yourselves; and pray convince her, that I and my nephew are most sincerely her very humble servants.

Y. Cla. O yes, you may depend upon me.

Hea. A very slender dependence truly. [*Aside.*]
[*Exit.*]

Y. Cla. We'll be with you again to know what your *tête-a-tête* produces; and in the mean time I am her's,—and yours—Adieu. Come, uncle.—Fal, la, la, la

Sir Cha. I could knock him down with pleasure.

[*Aside.*]

[*Exeunt Sir Charles and Y. Clackit.*]

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

HEARTLY, (*speaking to a servant.*)

TELL Miss Harriet that I am here.—If she is indisposed, I will wait upon her in her own room.—

[*Exit servant.*]

However mysterious her conduct appears to me, yet still it is to be deciphered—This young gentleman has certainly touch'd her. There are some objections to him, and among so many young men of fashion that fall in her way, she certainly might have made a better choice. She has an understanding to be sensible of this; and, if I am not mistaken, it is a struggle between her reason and her passion that occasions all this confusion.—But here she is.

Enter Miss HARRIET.

Miss Har. I hope you are not angry, Sir, that I left you so abruptly without making any apology?

Hea. I am angry that you think an apology necessary.—The matter we were upon was of such a delicate nature, that I was more pleased with your confusion, than I should have been with your excuses. You'll pardon me, my dear—

Miss Har. I have reflected, that the person for whom I have conceived a most tender regard, may, from the wisest motives, doubt of my passion; and therefore I would endeavour to answer all his objec-

tions, and convince him how deserving he is of my highest esteem.

Hea. I have not yet apprehended what kind of dispute could arise between you and Mr. Clackit:—I would advise you both to come to a reconciliation as soon as possible. The law of nature is an imperious one, and cannot, like those of our country, be easily evaded; and though reason may suggest some disagreeable reflections, yet when the stroke is to be given, we must submit to it.

Miss Har. He still continues in his error, and I cannot undeceive him

[*Aside.*

Hea. Shall I take the liberty of telling you, my dear (*Taking her hand.*)—You tremble, Harriet!—What is the matter with you?

Miss Har. Nothing, Sir.—Pray go on.

Hea. I guess whence proceeds all your uneasiness—You fear that the world will not be so readily convinced of this young gentleman's merit as you are:—and, indeed, I could wish him more deserving of you; but your regard for him gives him a merit he otherwise would have wanted, and almost makes me blind to his failings.

Miss Har. And would you advise me, Sir, to make choice of this gentleman?

Hea. I would advise you, as I always have done, to consult your own heart upon such an occasion.

Miss Har. If that is your advice, I will most religiously follow it; and, for the last time, I am resolved to discover my real sentiments; but as a confession of this kind will not become me, I have been

thinking of some innocent stratagem to spare my blushes, and in part to relieve me from the shame of a declaration.—Might I be permitted to write to him?—

Hea. I think you may, my dear, without the least offence to your delicacy! And indeed you ought to explain yourself; your late misunderstanding makes it absolutely necessary.

Miss Har. Will you be kind enough to assist me? Will you write it for me, Sir?

Hea. Oh most willingly!—And as I am made a party, it will remove all objections.

Miss Har. I will dictate to you in the best manner I am able. [Sighing.]

Hea. And here is pen, ink, and paper, to obey your commands. [Draws the table.]

Miss Har. Lord, how my heart beats! I fear I cannot go through it. [Aside.]

Hea. Now, my dear, I am ready. Don't be disturb'd. He is certainly a man of family; and tho' he has some little faults, time and your virtues will correct them. Come, what shall I write?

[Preparing to write.]

Miss Har. Pray give me a moment's thought.—'Tis a terrible task, Mr. Heartly.

Hea. I know it is.—Don't hurry yourself: I shall wait with patience.—Come, Miss Harriet.

Miss Har. [dictating] "It is in vain for me to conceal, from one of your understanding, the secrets of my heart."

Hea. "The secrets of my heart." [Writing.]

Miss Har. "Though your humility and modesty
"will not suffer you to perceive it."

Hea. Do you think, my dear, that he is much
troubled with those qualities?

Miss Har. Pray indulge me, Sir.

Hea. I beg your pardon—"Your humility and
"modesty will not suffer you to perceive it."—
[*Writes.*] So.

Miss Har. "Every thing tells you, that it is you
"that I love."

Hea. Very well.

[*Writes.*

Miss Har. Yes:—*you that I love*;—do you under-
stand me?

Hea. O! yes, yes—I understand you—*that it is
you that I love.*—This is very plain, my dear.

Miss Har. I would have it so.—"And tho' I am
"already bound in gratitude to you"—

Hea. In gratitude to Mr. Clackit?

Miss Har. Pray write, Sir.

Hea. Well—"In gratitude to you. [*Writes.*] I
must write what she would have me. [*Aside.*

Miss Har. "Yet my passion is a most disinterest-
"ed one."—

Hea. "Most disinterested one." [*Writes.*

Miss Har. "And to convince you, that you owe
"much more to my affections"—

Hea. And then?

Miss Har. "I could wish that I had not ex-
perienced"—

Hea. Stay, stay:—"Had not experienced"—

[*Writes.*

Miss Har. "Your tender care of me in my infancy."—

Hea. [*Disturbed.*] What did you say?—Did I hear right, or am I in a dream! [*Aside.*]

Miss Har. Why have I declared myself?—He'll hate me for my folly. [*Aside.*]

Hea. Harriet!

Miss Har. Sir!

Hea. To whom do you write this letter?

Miss Har. To—to—Mr. Clackit—is it not?

Hea. You must not mention then the care of your infancy? it would be ridiculous.

Miss Har. It would indeed—I own it—It is improper.

Hea. What, did it escape you in your confusion?

Miss Har. It did indeed.

Hea. What must I put in its place?

Miss Har. Indeed I don't know. I have said more than enough to make myself understood.

Hea. Then I'll only finish your letter with the usual compliment, and send it away.

Miss Har. Yes—send it away—if you think I ought to send it.

Hea. [*Troubled.*] Ought to send it!—Who's there?
—[*Enter a servant.*] Carry this letter.

[*An action escapes from HARRIET, as if to hinder the sending the letter.*]

—Is it not for Mr. Clackit?

Miss Har. [*Peevishly.*] Who can it be for?

Hea. [*To the servant.*] Here, take this letter to Mr. Clackit. [*Gives the letter.*] [*Exit servant.*]

Miss Ha. What a terrible situation ! [*Aside.*

Hea. I am thunderstruck ? [*Aside.*

Miss Har. I cannot speak another word. [*Aside.*

Hea. My prudence fails me ! [*Aside.*

Miss Har. He disapproves my passion, and I shall die with confusion. [*Aside.*

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. The conversation is over, and I may appear. [*Aside.*—Sir Charles is without, Sir, and is impatient to know your determination. May he be permitted to see you ?

Hea. [*Aside.*] I must retire to conceal my weakness. [*Exit.*

Lucy. Upon my word, this is very whimsical.—What is the reason, Miss, that your guardian is gone away without giving me an answer ?

Miss Har. What a contempt he must have for me, to behave in this manner ! [*Exit.*

Lucy. Extremely well this, and equally foolish, on both sides !—But what can be the meaning of it ?—Ho, ho—I think I have a glimmering at last. Suppose she shou'd not like young Shatter-brains after all ; and indeed she has never absolutely said she did ; who knows but she has at last opened her mind to my good master, and he finding her taste (like that of other girls at her age) most particularly ridiculous, has not been so complaisant as he used to be. —What a shame it is that I don't know more of this matter, a wench of spirit as I am, a favourite of my mistress, and as inquisitive as I ought to be !

It is an affront to my character, and I must have satisfaction immediately. [*Going.*] I will go directly to my young mistress; tease her to death, till I am at the bottom of this; and if threat'ning, soothing, scolding, whimpering, crying, and lying, will not prevail, I will e'en give her warning, and go upon the stage. [*Exit.*]

Enter HEARTLY.

Hea. The more I reflect upon what has pass'd, the more I am convinc'd that she did not intend writing to this young fellow. What am I to think of it then? Let a man be ever so much upon his guard against the approaches of vanity, yet he will find himself weak in that quarter. Had not my reason made a little stand against my presumption, I might have interpreted some of Harriet's words in my own favour; but—I may well blush, though alone, at my extravagant folly!—"Can it be possible that so young a creature shou'd even cast a thought of that kind upon me?—Upon me! Presumptuous vanity!"—No, no;—I will do her and myself the justice to acknowledge, that, for a very few slight appearances, there are a thousand reasons that destroy so ridiculous a supposition.

Enter Sir CHARLES.

Sir Cha. Well, Mr. Heartly, what are we to hope for?

Hea. Upon my word, Sir, I am still in the dark; we puzzle about, indeed, but we don't get forward.

Sir Cha. What the devil is the meaning of all this? There never sure were lovers so difficult to bring together. But have you not been a little too rough with the lady. For as I pass'd by her but now, she seem'd a little out of humour——and, upon my faith, not the less beautiful for a little pouting.

Hea. Upon my word, Sir, Charles, what I can collect from her behaviour is, that your nephew is not so much in her good graces as he made you believe.

Sir Cha. 'Egad, like enough.——But hold, hold,——this must be look'd a little into:——If it is so, I wou'd be glad to know, why, and wherefore, I have been made so ridiculous.—Eh, Mr. Heartly; does he take me for his fool, his beast, his Merry Andrew! By the Lord Harry.—

Hea. In him a little vanity is excusable.

Sir Cha. I am his vanity's humble servant for that tho'.—

Hea. He is of an age, Sir Charles.—

Sir Cha. Ay, of an age to be very impertinent; but I shall desire him to be less free with his uncle for the future, I assure him.

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. I have it, I have it, Gentlemen! You need not puzzle any more about the matter. I have got the secret.—I know the knight-errant that has wounded our distress'd lady.

Sir Cha. Well, and who, and what, child?

Lucy. What, has not she told you, Sir!

[*To Heartly.*]

Hea. Not directly.

Lucy. So much the better. What pleasure it is to discover a secret, and then tell it to all the world!—I press'd her so much, that she at last confess'd.

Sir Cha. Well, what?

Lucy. That, in the first place, she did not like your nephew.

Sir Cha. And I told the puppy so.

Lucy. That she had a most mortal antipathy for the young men of this age; and that she had settled her affections upon one of riper years, and riper understanding.

Sir Cha. Indeed!

Lucy. And that she expected from a lover in his autumn, more affection, more complaisance, more constancy, and more discretion of course.

Hea. This is very particular.

Sir Cha. Ay, but it is very prudent for all that.

Lucy. In short, as she had openly declar'd against the nephew, I took upon me to speak of his uncle.

Sir Cha. Of me, Child?

Lucy. Yes, of you, Sir——And she did not say me nay——but cast such a look, and fetch'd such a sigh,——that if ever I look'd and sigh'd in my life, I know how it is with her.

Sir Cha. What the devil!—Why surely—Eh, Lucy! You joke for certain.—Mr. Heartly!—Eh!

Lucy. Indeed I do not, Sir.—'Twas in vain for me to say that nothing could be so ridiculous as such a choice.—Nay, Sir, I went a little farther, (you'll excuse me), and told her——Good God, Madam,

said I, why, he is old and gouty, asthmatic, rheumatic, sciatic, spleen-atic,—It signified nothing, she had determined.

Sir Cha. But you need not have told her all that.

Hea. I am persuaded, Sir Charles, that a good heart and a good mind will prevail more with that young lady, than the more fashionable accomplishments.

Sir Cha. I'll tell you what, neighbour, I have had my days, and have been well receiv'd among the ladies, I have—But in truth, I am rather in my winter than my autumn; she must mean somebody else. Now I think again—it can't be me.—No, no, it can't be me.

Lucy But I tell you it is, Sir.—You are the man—Her stars have decreed it; and what they decree, though ever so ridiculous, must come to pass.—

Sir Cha. Say you so?—Why then, monsieur nephew, I shall have a little laugh with you—Ha, ha, ha! The tid bit is not for you, my nice Sir—Your betters must be serv'd before you.—But here he comes—Not a word for your life.—We'll laugh at him most triumphantly—Ha, ha! but mum mum.

Enter Y. CLACKIT. [*Music plays without.*]

Y. Cla. That will do most divinely well.—Bravo, Bravo, Messieurs Vocal and Instrumental!—Stay in that chamber, and I will let you know the time for your appearance. [*To the Musicians.*]—Meeting by accident with some artists of the string, and my particular friends, I have brought 'em to

celebrate Miss Harriet's and my approaching happiness. [To Heartly.]

Sir Cha. Do you hear the puppy? [To Lucy.]

Hea. It is time to clear up all mistakes.

Sir Cha. Now for it.

Hea. Miss Harriet, Sir, was not destin'd for you.

Y. Cla. What do you say, Sir?

Hea. That the young lady has fix'd her affections upon another.

Y. Cla. Upon another!

Sir Cha. Yes, Sir, *another*:—That is English, Sir; and you may translate it into French, if you like it better.

Y. Cla. *Vous êtes bien drole, mon oncle.*—Ha, ha!

Sir Cha. Ay, ay, show your teeth, you have nothing else for it—But she has fix'd her heart upon another, I tell you.

Y. Cla. Very well, Sir, extremely well.

Sir Cha. And that other, Sir, is one to whom you owe great respect.

Y. Cla. I am his most respectful humble servant.

Sir Cha. You are a fine youth, my sweet nephew, to tell me a story of a cock and a bull, of you and the young lady, when you have no more interest in her than the Czar of Muscovy.

Y. Cla. [Smiling.] But, my dear uncle, don't carry this jest too far—I shall begin to be uneasy.

Sir Cha. Ay, ay, I know your vanity:—You think now that the women are all for you young fellows.--

Y. Cla. Nine hundred and nienty-nine in a thousand, I believe, uncle:—Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Cha. You'll make a damn'd foolish figure by and by, Jack.

Y. Cla. Whoever my precious rival is, he must prepare himself for a little humility;—for be he ever so mighty, my dear uncle, I have that in my pocket will lower his top-sails for him.

[*Searching his pockets.*]

Sir Cha. Well, what's that?

Y. Cla. A fourteen pounder only, my good uncle—A letter from the lady. [*Takes it out of his pocket.*]

Sir Cha. What, to you?

Y. Cla. To me, Sir—This moment receiv'd, and overflowing with the tenderest sentiments.

Sir Cha. To you!

Y. Cla. Most undoubtedly.—She reproaches me with my excessive modesty.—There can be no mistake.

Sir Cha. What letter is this he chatters about?

[*To Heartyly.*]

Hea. One written by me, and dictated by the young lady.

Sir Cha. What! sent by her to him?

Hea. I believe so.

Sir Cha. Well, but then—How the devil—Mrs. Lucy!—Eh!—What becomes of your fine story?

Lucy. I don't understand it.

Sir Cha. —Nor I!

Hea. [*hesitating*] Nor—I—

Y. Cla. But I do,—and so you will all presently.—Well my dear uncle, what! are you astonished, petrify'd, annihilated?

Sir Cha. With your impudence, Jack!—But I'll see it out.

Enter Miss HARRIET.

Miss Harriet. Bless me, Mr. Heartly, what is all this music for in the next room?

Y. Cla. I brought the gentlemen of the string, Mademoiselle, to convince you, that I feel, as I ought, the honour you have done me—[*Showing the letter.*] But for Heaven's sake, be sincere a little with these good folks: they tell me here that I am nobody, and there is another happier than myself; and for the soul of me, I don't know how to believe them.—Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Cha. Let us hear Miss speak.

Miss Har. It is a most terrible task: but I am compell'd to it; and to hesitate any longer wou'd be injurious to my guardian, his friend, this young gentleman, and my own character.

Y. Cla. Most judicious upon my soul.

Sir Cha. Hold your tongue, Jack.

Y. Cla. I am dumb.

Miss Har. You have all been in an error.—My bashfulness may have deceived you—My heart never did.—

Y. Cla. *C'est vrai.*

Miss Har. Therefore, before I declare my sentiments, it is proper that I disavow any engagement:—But at the same time must confess—

Y. Cla. Ho—ho!—

Miss Har. With fear and shame confess—

Y. Cla. Courage Mademoiselle!

Miss Har. That another, not you, Sir, has gain'd a power over my heart.— [To *Y. Clacket*.

Sir Cha. Another, not you; mind that, Jack. Ha! ha!

Miss Har. It is a power indeed which he despises.—I cannot be deceived in his conduct.—Modesty may tie the tongue of our sex, but silence in him could proceed only from contempt.

Sir Cha. How prettily she reproaches me!—But I'll soon make it up with her.

Miss Har. As to that letter, Sir, your error there is excusable; and I own myself in that particular a little blameable.—But it was not my fault that it was sent to you; and the contents must have told you, that it could not possibly be meant for you.

[To *Y. Clacket*.

Sir Cha. Proof positive, Jack:—Say no more.—Now is my time to begin.—Hem!—hem!—Sweet young lady!—hem! whose charms are so mighty, so far transcending every thing that we read of in history or fable, how could you possibly think that my silence proceeded from contempt? Was it natural or prudent, think you, for a man of sixty-five, nay, just entering into his sixty-sixth year—

Y. Cla. O Misericorde! What, is my uncle my rival! Nay, then I shall burst, by Jupiter!—Ha! ha! ha!

Miss Har. Don't imagine, Sir, that to me your age is any fault.

Sir Cha. [Bowing.] You are very obliging, Madam.

Miss Har. Neither is it, Sir, a merit of that extra-

ordinary nature, that I should sacrifice to it an inclination which I have conceived for another.

Sir Cha. How is this?

Y. Cla. Another! not you—mind that, uncle.

Lucy. What is the meaning of all this?

Y. Cla. Proof positive, uncle—and very positive.

Sir Cha. I have been led into a mistake, Madam, which I hope you will excuse; and I have made myself very ridiculous, which I hope I shall forget:—And so, Madam, I am your humble servant.—This young lady has something very extraordinary about her.

Hea. What I now see, and the remembrance of what is past, force me to break silence.

Y. Cla. Ay, now for it.—Hear him—hear him!—

Hea. O my Harriet!—I too must be disgraced in my turn.—Can you think that I have seen and conversed with you unmoved?—Indeed I have not.—The more I was sensible of your merit, the stronger were my motives to stifle the ambition of my heart.—But now I can no longer resist the violence of my passion, which casts me at your feet, the most unworthy indeed of all your admirers, but of all the most affectionate.

Y. Cla. So, so, the moon has changed, and the grown gentlemen begin to be frisky.

Lucy. What, my master in love too!—I'll never trust these tye-wigs again. *[Aside.]*

Miss Har. I have refused my hand to Sir Charles and this young gentleman: The one accuses me of caprice, the other of singularity.—Should I refuse

my hand a third time (*smiling*), I might draw upon myself a more severe reproach;—and therefore I accept your favour, Sir, and will endeavour to deserve it.

Hea. And thus I seal my acknowledgments, and from henceforth devote my every thought, and all my services, to the author of my happiness.

[*Kisses her hand.*]

‘*Lucy.* Since matters are so well settled, give me leave, Sir, to congratulate you on your success,—and my young lady on her judgment.—You have my taste exactly, Miss; ripe fruit for my money: when it is too green, it sets one’s teeth on edge; and when too mellow, it has no flavour at all.’

Sir Cha. ‘Hold your tongue, you baggage, (*To Lucy.*)’—Well, my dear discreet nephew, are you satisfied with the fool’s part you have given me, and played yourself, in the farce?

Y. Cla. What would you have me say, Sir? I am too much a philosopher to fret myself because the wind which was east this morning is now west.—The poor girl in pique has killed herself, to be revenged on me; but hark ye, Sir, I believe Heartly will be cursed mad to have me live in his neighbourhood.—A word to the wise——

Sir Cha. Thou hast a most incorrigible vanity, Jack, and nothing can cure thee.—Mr. Heartly, I have sense enough, and friendship enough, not to be uneasy at your happiness.

Hea. I hope, Sir Charles, that we shall still continue to live as neighbours and friends. For you,

my Harriet, words cannot express my wonder or my joy ; my future conduct must tell you what a sense I have of my happiness, and how much I shall endeavour to deserve it.

For ev'ry charm that ever yet bless'd youth,
Accept compliance, tenderness, and truth ;
My friendly care shall change to grateful love,
And the fond husband still the GUARDIAN prove.
